

# HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

*A MOCK TRIAL IN ONE ACT*

BY  
MARION SHORT



SAMUEL FRENCH

FOUNDED 1845

INCORPORATED 1899

811 WEST 7TH STREET  
LOS ANGELES

25 WEST 45TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

Price 35 Cents

*No Plays Exchanged*

## ADAM AND EVA

Comedy in 3 acts. By Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Produced originally at the Longacre Theatre, New York. 6 males, 4 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes.

The story of a wealthy man, his extravagant, selfish family, clingingly dependent upon him and apparently regarding him as bothersome except when he poises pen above check book. These relatives even arrange with his physician to have him go away on a long trip, so that they may run up bills more freely. In comes the father's young business manager, who tells his employer how he would love a home. The exasperated father tells him they will change places and puts him in command of the household, himself lighting out for the upper reaches of the Amazon.

The young man soon finds himself confronted by the same hurricane of flippancy and terrific bills for lingerie. As a desperate remedy he deludes the family into thinking that father's big rubber business is ruined. In divers and humorous manners they meet the emergency. Of course, it does them all good and brings out the best in them. "Adam and Eva" is genuine fun. It enjoyed a year's run on Broadway and was a great success on the road and in motion pictures. We strongly recommend it for amateur production.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

## ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Dietrichstein. Produced originally by Rich and Harris at the Garrick Theatre, New York. 7 males, 7 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

"Are You a Mason?" is one of those delightful farces like "Charley's Aunt" that are always fresh. "A mother and a daughter," says the critic of the New York Herald, "had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know of each other's duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband's supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter's hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain."

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

# HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

*A MOCK TRIAL IN ONE ACT*

BY  
MARION SHORT

COPYRIGHT, 1932, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

## *Performance License*

*The license for an amateur performance of this play is conveyed by SAMUEL FRENCH only with the sale of at least ten copies of this printed book. The copying of the separate parts is forbidden by copyright law.*

SAMUEL FRENCH, INC.

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

811 WEST 7TH STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.

26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.2, LONDON



## NOTICE

No professional performance, representation, production, recitation, public reading or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, at 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., or at 811 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS


HERMAN WHIFFLE, *the Plaintiff.*  
JACK CROWSON, *the Defendant.*  
MRS. WHIFFLE, HERMAN WHIFFLE'S *wife.*  
MR. HAMMERSLEY, *the Prosecuting Attorney.*  
MR. MEEKER, *the Defense Attorney.*  
HIRAM ATTERBURY, *the Judge.*  
MR. SMITH, *Clerk of Court.*  
MRS. KEW, *the star witness.*  
MISS DEERING, MRS. KEW'S *attendant.*

## JURORS

MRS. QUICKLY, *a young mother.*  
MRS. HORTON, *elderly and sedate.*  
MISS LAMAR, *spirituelle and musical.*  
MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY, *of Irish descent.*  
MRS. PRENTICE, *a society woman.*  
MRS. FAULKNER, *also society.*  
MR. JOHNSON, *bald and benign.*  
MR. RANDALL, *a bespectacled professor.*  
MR. BURNHAM, *a mechanic.*  
MR. MOONEY, *a sporting man.*  
MR. MCCALL, *earnest but stuttering.*  
MR. JARVIS, *slightly bibulous.*

TIME: *The present.*

PLACE: *Anywhere.*



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2024

## HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

SCENE: *A Court Room. A door at Left, and one in back wall at Right Center. Jury box Left. JUDGE'S bench and desk on raised platform against back wall at Center, with the witness box slightly to Left of it. CLERK'S chair and small table immediately below JUDGE'S platform. At Right, chairs and tables for opposing Counsel; immediately back of them, chairs for litigants and witness.*

DISCOVERED: CLERK *at his table, Mr. HAMMERSLEY behind table up Right, and near him HERMAN WHIFFLE. MR. MEEKER is down Right, behind similar table, with MRS. WHIFFLE by his side, and JACK CROWSON slightly back of them. The twelve JURORS are in the box.*

*At Rise of Curtain WHIFFLE and Counsel are whispering together over a document on the table before them. Otherwise, the room is silent, save for the heavy breathing of juror JARVIS, who is indulging in a nap. MRS. KEW, with MISS DEERING following, enters at Left. They pause just inside the door.*

MRS. KEW. (*Speaking in the loud voice of a deaf woman*) Did you ever see such a building for halls?

## 6 HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

They go in every direction, and none of them lead anywhere. Let's ask somebody if——

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Rises and beckons to her*) Come right in, Mrs. Kew. This is where Judge Atterbury is holding court.

MRS. KEW. Oh, there you are, Mr. Prosecuting Attorney—I mean, Mr. Hammersley. (*Advances with MISS DEERING*) How do you do? (*Offers him her hand.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Be seated, Ladies.

MRS. KEW. (*Misunderstanding him*) Well, pretty heated, after walking so far.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Loudly, close to her ear*) I said, "Be seated"! (*MISS DEERING sits up R.*)

MRS. KEW. Not so loud, please. I own I'm a trifle hard of hearing, but—— (*Looks about her*) How do, Mr. Whiffle?

WHIFFLE. (*Makes disconsolate salute without rising; answers with strong German accent*) Don't esk me.

MRS. KEW. (*With enthusiasm*) And there's Mrs. Whiffle! (*Approaches her*) I'm here to testify against you, so we might as well be friends. (*Shakes hands with MRS. WHIFFLE, who smiles pleasantly*) My goodness, Mr. Crowson, you look so different without your aviation suit I hardly knew you. (*CROWSON rises and bows.*) Of course we've never really met, but since I saw you out at the aviation field—— (*Interrupts herself to look for MISS DEERING*) Good gracious, Miss Deering, I thought you were right behind me, where a paid companion ought to be. (*Crosses; sits beside MISS DEERING. CROWSON sits.*)

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*Rises; speaks with a marked Irish dialect*) Mr. Lawyers, why don't the trial begin? I don't moind being called on a Jury, but I'm a working woman, wid somethin' to do betther than sittin' here loike a stuffed bird all day.



JARVIS. (*Thickly, rousing up at the sound of her voice*) Whatch th-xitement?

MOONEY. (*Avoiding whiff of his breath*) Whew, where did you get it?

CLERK. (*Replying to MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY*) We are waiting, Madam, for his Honor to enter the Court Room. (*The door R.C. opens and JUDGE ATTERBURY, in full regalia, appears. The CLERK rises and speaks stentoriously*) Court! (*At a movement of his hand EVERYONE rises and remains standing until after the JUDGE is seated.*)

JUDGE. Is everything in readiness for the case of Whiffle versus Crowson?

CLERK. It is, your Honor.

JUDGE. You will call the roll of Jurors.

CLERK. (*Rising*) Mrs. Quickly?

MRS. QUICKLY. (*Wearily*) Present.

CLERK. Mrs. Horton?

MRS. HORTON. (*In frightened, quavering voice*) I'm here, thank you.

CLERK. Miss Lamar?

MISS LAMAR. (*Sings absent-mindedly*) Tra la la, la la! (*After slight pause*) Oh, pardon me. My mind was on my next musical composition.

CLERK. Miss O'Shaughnessy?

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. Prisint, but I'd be absent if you hadn't stharterd pretty soon.

CLERK. Miss Prentice?

MISS PRENTICE. (*In ultra-society tone*) He-ah.

CLERK. Mrs. Faulkner?

MRS. FAULKNER. No trump—I beg pardon. I've just returned from my card club.

CLERK. Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON. Here.

CLERK. Mr. Randall?

RANDALL. Ditto.

CLERK. Mr. Burnham?

BURNHAM. (*In a whisper*) I've almost lost my

## 8 HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

voice—(*Finishing in deep basso*) —but I'm here.

CLERK. Mr. McCall?

McCALL. P-p-p-p-p— Here.

CLERK. Mr. Mooney?

MOONEY. Sound the bell, and let the race begin.

CLERK. Mr. Jarvis? (*Repeats*) Mr. Jarvis?

JARVIS. (*Rousing*) A' right. I washn't 'shleep.

JUDGE. I am ready for the case to go forward, and counsel to proceed.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Advancing*) Your Honor—  
Ladies and gentlemen of the Jury—

WHIFFLE. (*Interrupting*) Mr. Hammersley, I vant vhisperings mit you a minute.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Irritated*) I thought everything was understood. (*Reluctantly turns to hear what WHIFFLE has to say. Every time he tries to draw away WHIFFLE clings to him and pulls him back again.*)

MRS. PRENTICE. (*Behind her hand to MRS. FAULKNER in an audible whisper*) Look at poo-ah Mrs. Whiffle. Her eyes are turned toward Heaven. I wondah if she's praying while Mr. Whiffle talks.

MRS. FAULKNER. I wonder. (*Leans in front of MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY to see.*)

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. You needn't hang your hat on me nose. I'd loike to see somethin' mesilf.

MRS. FAULKNER. (*With extreme dignity*) I'm sorry if my hat offends you, Madam.

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. Well, it does, and so do you—a sittin' on me lap and your feathers ticklin' me countenance.

MRS. FAULKNER. If you'll move over, there's plenty of room.

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*Bristling*) Move yourself. This ain't me movin' day.

MRS. PRENTICE. (*To MRS. FAULKNER*) I love her in that shade of pink, don't you?

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*Leans across MRS.*

FAULKNER *to speak to her*) Who's that you're callin' a shrimp?

MRS. PRENTICE. (*Loftily*) I beg your pardon, but I was speaking of Mrs. Whipple's atti-ah!

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*With dignity*) Well, watch your step, if it's me you're callin' names.

CLERK. Order in the Court Room, please. No buzzing in the jury box.

MISS LAMAR. We should have harmony above all else.

MRS. QUICKLY. I wonder if my baby is crying.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Having had almost a tussling match to get rid of MR. WHIFFLE, clears his throat and speaks importantly*) Your Honor—Ladies and gentlemen of the Jury—I present for your consideration the claim for damages brought by Mr. Herman Whiffle against Mr. Jack Crowson, for the alienation of Mrs. Whiffle's affections. As you can see for yourself, my client is a plain business man, the proprietor of a modest candy store, while the accused is a successful and spectacular aviator, owning his own private plane, and eminently fitted for the studied and deliberate capture of young Mrs. Whiffle's previously loyal and wifely heart from its rightful and legal owner.

JUDGE. (*Sneezing*) Achoo! (*Apologetically*) A slight touch of hay fever—excuse—achew! Where did I leave my nasal spray?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Continuing*) Nasal and gentlemen—I mean, ladies and gentlemen, I ask a verdict of guilty against the defendant and an award to the injured husband of five thousand dollars, as a slight recompense for the outrageous and deliberate theft of that which meant more than anything else on earth to him—the hitherto single-minded devotion of his wife. (*Pours himself a glass of water from the pitcher on table. As he does so, MRS. WHIFFLE rises.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*In her sweet, breathless, and always charmingly feminine manner*) May I ask a favor, your Honor?

JUDGE. (*Gently, through a damp handkerchief*) I'm sorry, Mrs. Whiffle, but you are interrupting counsel.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*To HAMMERSLEY*) You don't mind, do you?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Coldly*) In the course of time, Mrs. Whiffle, you will have ample opportunity, but just in the midst of my presentation——

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Smilingly breaking in*) I knew you wouldn't! Thank you so much.

MR. MEEKER. (*Rising*) Mrs. Whiffle, I protest. I represent you at this trial, and if you have questions to ask——

JUDGE. (*Rather sharply*) The lady addressed the Court, Mr. Meeker. (*MR. MEEKER, disgruntled, sits.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*To JUDGE*) It's a very little favor and maybe not quite legal, and I know one should be legal in a Court Room, and I'd love being so above all things, because it's a new experience, but I wanted to be sure, and I know you can tell me if anyone can, because you talked before our Woman's Club once, and we were all just crazy about you, and I went up afterwards and congratulated you on your address, though probably you don't remember it, because I had on an entirely different dress, and hats do change a woman. I do— (*Re-arranges her own hat slightly*) —I do hope this one is becoming, because I bought it on purpose to be tried in, for I think one should look one's best when one is about to be accused of things, and perhaps convicted, and sometimes even a tiny dab of powder on the nose in one's darkest moments does help one's looks and courage, don't you think?



JUDGE. (*Kindly*) Err—aren't you forgetting, Mrs. Whiffle, that you were about to ask a favor?

MRS. WHIFFLE. No. That is, I'm asking it now. Have I your permission to powder my nose from my little vanity bag—(*Displays bag*)—before I take the stand?

JUDGE. A slight request, and granted, if you can manage it without distracting the attention of the jury. (*MALE JURORS lean forward to watch her.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Ogling him*) I'll try not to be distracting. (*Business*) There, I turned my back and dabbed my nose. I hope I look better.

JUDGE. (*Charmed*) That would be impossible.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Coquettishly*) Really?

JUDGE. Absolutely.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Oh, Judge!

JUDGE. (*Starts to answer her; then suddenly remembers what is going on*) Why all this needless delay, Mr. Hammersley? I am waiting for you to proceed with the business of the court. (*HAMMERSLEY advances.*)

MRS. HORTON. (*Behind her hand, to MRS. QUICKLY*) Is Mrs. Whiffle as dumb as she acts?

MRS. QUICKLEY. It's the dumb ones that get there when it comes to putting things over on a man. My husband says so.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Ladies and gentlemen, I am now ready to present the facts in the case of Whiffle versus Crowson, through the testimony of the plaintiff and witnesses. (*Pours himself another drink.*)

MOONEY. Is there any objection, Mr. Lawyer, to my glancing at this racing sheet while you're presenting? (*Exhibits folded newspaper.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. There is. I require your entire attention, sir.

MOONEY. (*Argumentatively*) I just wanted to see if Bag of Bones scored in the three-year-old sweepstakes.

MCCALL. I h-h-hope so. I b-b-b-bet on him for second place.

JUDGE. (*With severity*) News sheets must not be read in the Jury box.

MOONEY. (*Giving it up*) All right. (*Starts to return newspaper to his pocket.*)

JUDGE. But since the subject has been mentioned, did you happen to notice how Sarcophagus showed up?

MOONEY. "Favorite disappoints"—that was the headline.

JUDGE. (*Bitterly*) I had a hunch not to place that bet. (*Pounds his gavel*) Silence in the Jury box. The Counsel will proceed!

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Ladies and gentlemen. To continue——

MRS. KEW. (*Rises and touches him on the shoulder*) Mr. Hammersley, before you get started again, would you mind asking the Judge to speak a little louder? When he talks he looks like a cow chewing his cud, and I can't hear a word he says.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Apologetically, as MRS. KEW sits*) The lady is extremely deaf, your Honor, and doesn't know her remarks are overheard. She means no disrespect. She has cows of her own.

MRS. KEW. (*To HAMMERSLEY*) Well, did you ask him?

JUDGE. (*Loudly*) The Court cannot rasp its throat for the benefit of the petitioner. The petitioner should have brought her ear-trumpet along.

MISS DEERING. (*Rising, timorously*) If you please, your Honor, I'm her trumpet. I'm supposed to tell her everything that's going on, but sometimes she won't listen. You might try a megaphone, your Honor.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. To continue, ladies and gentlemen, I would not personally harass your feelings nor cause you to shed tears of manly and womanly sympathy for my sorely-tried client, but

would fain let the facts speak for themselves. (JARVIS *snores loudly*) What's that?

MOONEY. A fact speaking for itself.

CLERK. (*Loudly, as JARVIS snores again*) The Juror is out of order.

McCALL. It's his n-n-n-n-nose that's out of order.

MRS. HORTON. The poor man! He must be all tired out to go to sleep like that.

MRS. QUICKLY. I wonder if my baby is asleep.

CLERK. (*Loudly, looking at JARVIS*) No one is allowed to snore in this Court but the Judge.

McCALL. If the Court p-p-p-p-permits, I'll try to w-w-w-ww-w—(*Gives up attempt to say "wake"*)—I can't say it, but I'll d-d-d-do it. (*Shakes JARVIS.*)

JARVIS. (*Drowsily, not altogether sober*) Sh'matter?

McCALL. Stop snoring!

JARVIS. Shnoring? Hic! Wrong party. You're thinking of my wife.

McCALL. (*Recoils, horrified*) Not g-g-g-g-guilty.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. To continue, ladies and gentlemen—

MRS. KEW. (*Loudly, addressing MISS DEERING*) My land, can't the man do anything but continue? Why doesn't he say something?

CLERK. Counsel must not be interrupted!

MR. HAMMERSLEY. The suffering caused the plaintiff through the alienation of his wife's affections can best be portrayed by respectfully summoning my client to the chair.

MRS. KEW. (*With her hand to her ear, turns to MISS DEERING*) Electrically summoned his liar to the chair? My word!

MISS DEERING. (*Shrilly*) No. He said, "respectfully summon his client."

MRS. KEW. Well, I wouldn't care whether they

were respectful or not, if they summoned *me*, just so the electric chair didn't work after I sat in it.

JUDGE. (*Loudly*) Mrs. Kew, you're delaying the proceedings.

MRS. KEW. (*Pleased*) "A lady of good breeding?" Thank you, Judge. I heard you that time. I will say my family tree——

JUDGE. (*Rapping with his gavel, as MR. HAMMERSLEY nervously drinks more water*) Order! Order!

MISS DEERING. (*Fearsomely, but firmly*) I'm afraid you'll have to rap louder, Judge. That sounds about like raindrops to Mrs. Kew.

JUDGE. Try to make her understand she is to remain in the background until called for.

MRS. KEW. There goes the Judge chewing his cud again. Beats any cow I ever saw, male or female.

JUDGE. In justice to the legal profession certain witnesses should be barred from testifying.

MRS. KEW. You'd think he'd get it all chewed after a while, and take a rest.

JUDGE. (*Pounds furiously*) Order! Order!

MRS. KEW. Which is he trying to do, call a waiter or drive a nail?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Loudly*) Please refrain, Mrs. Kew, from speaking above a whisper or making irrelevant remarks.

MRS. KEW. I never remarked a word about relatives. Just because he's paid for it, the Judge wants to do all the talking himself, I s'pose. Chew, chew, chew! The kind of jaw that works while he's asleep.

MISS DEERING. (*Apologetically, to JUDGE*) I'm sorry her voice carries so, your Honor.

JUDGE. It will carry her out of the Court Room, if this keeps on. (*JARVIS snores.*)

CLERK. (*Facing toward the Jury box*) Shut off that disturbance, someone, please.

McCALL. Sh-sh-sh-shure thing! (*Shakes JARVIS,*



*who rouses with a snort and pushes McCall away from him.)*

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Rather testily*) Mr. Whiffle, I believe I asked you to take the stand.

WHIFFLE. (*Rises*) I am sthanding.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Indicates witness stand*) The chair, if you please.

WHIFFLE. (*Puzzled*) I sthand on de chair?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. You sit on the stand.

WHIFFLE. (*Trying to get it straight*) I sit on my feet vat I sthand on?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*With authority*) Take that seat on the witness stand before you create an unfavorable impression.

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING*) A procession? Where? (*MISS DEERING shakes her head, finger on lips. WHIFFLE slowly starts for the stand.*)

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*With a sigh of relief*) Somethin' doin' at last, thanks be to the Saints!

MRS. FAULKNER. (*To MRS. PRENTICE*) The plaintiff is rather ordinary-looking, isn't he? (*Leans in front of MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY to see.*)

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. So's your old hat! (*Snatches hat from MRS. FAULKNER'S head, and flings it on the floor.*)

MOONEY. (*With lively appreciation*) Hey, who threw her hat into the ring? What's she after?

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. She's afther stickin' it in me face. Now maybe I can see what's going on.

MRS. FAULKNER. You dreadful, dreadful woman!

CLERK. (*Goes toward Jury box*) Order in the Court! Who owns the hat? (*Picks it up.*)

MRS. FAULKNER. I do. That person ought to be arrested. (*Indicates MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY*) She's been giving me impertinence ever since I sat down here.

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. Because she's been giv-

ing me the hat! (CLERK *returns the hat to* MRS. FAULKNER.)

MRS. FAULKNER. (*Dusts hat*) I wouldn't wilfully give you anything.

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. You're giving me a dirty look this minute!

CLERK. (*Loudly*) Silence! Ladies, any more such unseemly squabbling, and you're liable for contempt of court. (MRS. FAULKNER and MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY *subside. He gives his attention to* WHIFFLE) Mr. Whiffle, do you solemnly promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, s'elp you?

WHIFFLE. Dot's none of your bizness. You iss not my legal presidentative.

CLERK. (*Coming closer to him, speaking sternly*) Hold up your hand!

WHIFFLE. (*Scared*) A holdup? (*Puts up both hands*) De money iss in de outside vest pocket—twenty cents and a button. Don't shoot!

MR. HAMMERSLEY. No harm intended, Mr. Whiffle. The Court Clerk is just asking you to swear, with right hand upheld, that you will tell the truth.

WHIFFLE. (*Relieved; lowers hands*) Vy he not explain, and save me heart trouble? (*Puts up Right hand*) I am an honest man and I swear—but not on Sundays. (*The CLERK returns to his seat.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. I shall now ask the Jury to listen to a plain and simple story, as told by a plain and simple man.

MRS. KEW. Calling him a simpleton right to his face! My, my!

MR. HAMMERSLEY. I know you will listen with understanding compassion, as he reveals the sudden, burning loss of what was his dearest earthly possession.

WHIFFLE. (*Enormously excited*) Vot? My candy sthore burn down, and you don't tell me! No-

body giff de alarm? (*Rushes from witness stand and starts for the R.C. door.* MR. HAMMERSLEY catches him and brings him back.)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Stop! Everything is all right. The burning loss of your wife's affections, I mean—not your store.

WHIFFLE. (*Much comforted*) Whew! (*Wipes his brow*) A wife you can get anudder, but a sthore mitout insurance—— (*Leaves sentence unfinished.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Forget it, Mr. Whiffle. Calm yourself.

WHIFFLE. I forget nodings until dat goat in volf's clothings pays me alienation damages for my wife's confections. Den I enlarge my candy sthore.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Mr. Hammersley, please don't let Herman get so excited. It's bad for his blood pressure.

WHIFFLE. (*Makes clutching gestures, glaring at CROWSON*) If efer I get him my hands between, I smesh him into kindling wood.

MRS. WHIFFLE. You'll set off your indigestion if you keep on. You know you will. (*Hastily takes small box from handbag*) I brought some of his tablets with me. Give him one now, and another in fifteen minutes, if not relieved. (*Holds out box to MR. HAMMERSLEY.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*With flat, upraised hand rejects the tablets*) The Jury is not deceived by this pretty pretense of connubial anxiety, I am sure.

WHIFFLE. (*Wailingly*) She iss in love mit a leopard vot cannot change his spots.

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING, hand to ear*) Why can't he change his spat's?

WHIFFLE. (*Again indicating CROWSON*) He iss to blame for my upset in de stomach.

MRS. WHIFFLE. I'd advise you not to mind Herman's rudeness, Jack, but our lawyer—(*Nods in MR. MEEKER'S direction*) —told us beforehand it

would be better for our case if neither seemed to notice the other in the Court Room.

MR. MEEKER. (*Discomfited*) Please be seated, Mrs. Whiffle.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Sweetly penitent*) Oh, did I say something I shouldn't?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*With overstressed politeness, as MRS. WHIFFLE sits*) Not at all. The Jury is interested in the defense tactics, I am sure.

MR. MEEKER. My client did not understand.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mr. Whiffle, when did you begin to notice your wife's failing interest in you and in her domestic duties?

WHIFFLE. She hass been in de air up efer since dot aviator got introductions mit her.

MRS. HORTON. (*To herself, but audibly*) Flirting with a married woman? My, but these aviators are fly!

BURNHAM. (*Hoarsely*) Flyin's their business, ain't it?

MRS. HORTON. (*Shocked*) I don't know what this old world is coming to!

MOONEY. I hope it's coming to life—it's been dead long enough.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mr. Whiffle, it was natural for you to hesitate over bringing your sacred domestic troubles into the glaring light of a court room. I hope the Jury will realize what it means to a man of your sensitive nature, not only to be obliged to testify against your wife, but also to draw your hard-earned money from your little cash-box to meet the costs of the suit.

MRS. QUICKLY. The cost of the suit? It looks second-hand to me.

WHIFFLE. (*Almost weeping*) Ach, dot leetle cash-box!

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING*) What's he crying about, with his hand on his stomach?



MISS DEERING. (*Into her ear*) About his cash-box.

MRS. KEW. Hmph! He's lucky to have one, these days. Did he swallow it?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. What you have a right to expect of the Jury, Mr. Whiffle, is a unanimous verdict in your favor for the injury to your heart, your material resources and your morale. (JARVIS *snores heavily.*)

MRS. KEW. What's that? My land, a thunder-storm coming up, and me without my umbrella! (JARVIS *snores again.*)

JUDGE. (*Regarding JARVIS sternly*) The next interruption of the dignified business of this Court—(*Sneezes violently*) Achew! My hay fever again! Presently I may call a brief recess while I retire to use my nasal spray.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mr. Whiffle, where did your wife first meet the aviator-defendant?

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*With lively interest*) I met him at Aunt Nellie's. Her son used to be Jack's college chum. Her house adjoins the aviation field the same as ours does, and the day her pajamas fell off—(*Gives a slight wave of the hand and drops her handkerchief*) There goes my handkerchief! (JACK, *with a polite murmur, springs to restore it.*) Thank you, Jack. That wasn't too friendly on his part, was it, Mr. Meeker? (MEEKER *clenches his fists in acute embarrassment.*)

MRS. PRENTICE. (*To MRS. FAULKNER*) Did you he-ah her say her aunt's pajamas fell off?

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Explaining*) Off the clothes-line, and blew into our yard.

MRS. FAULKNER. (*Disappointed*) Dear me, I thought it was going to be spicy!

MRS. WHIFFLE. When I rescued the pajamas and carried them back, Jack was there having luncheon, and we met.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Your testimony is not required at present, Mrs. Whiffle. I will cross examine you later.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Lightly*) Oh, now, you'll never be cross with me, I'm sure! (*Sits.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mr. Whiffle, after your wife and the defendant became better acquainted, what seemed to be her state of mind?

MRS. WHIFFLE. Her state of mind was absent. Always ven I come de kitchen in, she shtand mit her nose against de vindow pane, lookin' up at airplanes in de sky.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Busy watching the takeoffs, eh?

WHIFFLE. So busy mit de takeoffs she forgot to take off de hamburger and fried potatoes und dey crisp to a burn. (*Looks at MRS. WHIFFLE reproachfully.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Continue, Mr. Whiffle.

WHIFFLE. "Listen to dot plane varming up," she would say to me at breakfast und forget to varm up my toast. Und de climax vass cracked ven she buy herself dot aviation suit mit de goggles und vare it all day, and vonce she forget und vere it to bed mitout varning me in advence.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. But before your wife became enamored of—we'll say, aviation—you were very happy together, were you not?

WHIFFLE. I vass so happy I bring home to her every week de left over candy vat I can't sell.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Sometimes it was lollipops.

WHIFFLE. Not so often.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Herman knows very well, Mr. Hammersley, that he loved to bring me lollipops. He held one in his hand the day he asked me to marry him—strawberry.

WHIFFLE. Rasberry.

JUDGE. (*Sneezes violently*) Achew! Excuse!

Council will proceed with the examination of the plaintiff.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Had you any other proofs than those mentioned, that the defendant had alienated the affections of Mrs. Whiffle?

WHIFFLE. Yah, dose photographs snepshots of my wife und dot alienator. Dey make me vild in my head.

MRS. KEW. What is he so worked up about, Miss Deering?

MISS DEERING. (*Yelling*) Snapshots.

MRS. KEW. Oh, then here's where my testimony comes in! Do you want me on the stand, Mr. Hammersley?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Not yet, Mrs. Kew.

MR. MEEKER. I'll take the plaintiff, if I may? (*Hammersley gives way to him.*) Mr. Whiffle, was it of her own free will or by request that your wife left your bed and board?

WHIFFLE. It vass of her own free vill, ven I tell her to get out.

MR. MEEKER. Did she not ask you to change your mind?

WHIFFLE. No, she ask me to change my necktie, und de collar on my shirt.

MR. MEEKER. Then you admit she was considerate of your welfare, even at the very moment when you were—for a mere matter of snapshots—driving her from your door.

WHIFFLE. I didn't drive her. Dot car vas out of gass, und she valked.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Trying to be helpful*) Over to Aunt Nellie's. I've been there ever since.

MR. MEEKER. Mrs. Whiffle has telephoned you several times, has she not, that she would like to come home?

WHIFFLE. Vy should I pay attentions to telephones, ven dose snepshots iss spread out on de

table und remind how she make off me a fool in de open face of de world?

MR. MEEKER. But, Mr. Whiffle, would you not prefer open dealings to private ones, in such a case? After all, was there not something fine and noble in such an attitude on Mrs. Whiffle's part? (*Without waiting for a reply*) That is all for the present, Mr. Whiffle.

WHIFFLE. You mean I should make you a present of my absence?

MR. MEEKER. Exactly.

WHIFFLE. (*Rising*) Nobody tells me already yet, do I get my damages? (*Leaves witness box.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*As MR. MEEKER steps aside*) Mrs. Kew will please take the stand.

MISS DEERING. (*Loudly*) Your turn now.

MRS. KEW. Push back that straggly lock over my ear, will you? (*While MISS DEERING does so, JARVIS snores lustily.*)

MCCALL. There you g-g-g-go again, with that solo on the noseolo. (*Shakes JARVIS. JARVIS snores again.*)

MISS LAMAR. (*As JARVIS wakes with a snort*) Your Honor, I protest against the juror's being rudely roused from slumber in this fashion.

JUDGE. Madam, it is essential that the juror should be wide awake.

MISS LAMAR. It is essential to me that he should remain asleep.

JUDGE. The Court does not grasp your idea.

MISS LAMAR. I am a composer of music, your Honor, and those deep, exotic bass notes the juror has been furnishing almost complete the motif of my latest jungle rhapsody, and should he desist too soon, like a lost chord my opus may be hopelessly crippled.

JUDGE. (*Ignoring the explanation*) Counsel will



proceed. (MISS KEW and MISS DEERING are waiting side by side, close to the witness stand.)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Sit, Mrs. Kew.

MISS DEERING. (*Loudly*) Sit!

MRS. KEW. (*Pleadingly*) Must I? I've sit so long now I've got a crick in my calf.

JUDGE. (*Considerately*) The lady may stand.

MISS DEERING. (*Loudly*) Stand.

MISS KEW. It's gone now.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Loudly*) Sit.

MRS. KEW. Sit, stand, sit, stand. What do they think I am, a pump-handle? (*Takes chair, and MISS DEERING stands back of her.*)

CLERK. Raise your right hand.

MISS DEERING. (*Repeats loudly*) Right hand.

CLERK. (*In routine fashion*) Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, s'elp you——

MRS. KEW. (*Holding up hand*) I do. I am the one that laid the snapshots on Mr. Whiffle's counter, and I'm not ashamed of it.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mrs. Kew, will you kindly tell how you happened to take those snapshots to Mr. Whiffle at his store?

MISS DEERING. (*Loudly*) He wants to know——

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING, with a gesture of impatience*) Don't make me out any deafer than I am. (*Answering MR. HAMMERSLEY*) I delivered them at the request of my nephew, Herb. Herb is a plumber by profession, but once in awhile he gets restless, and snapshotting seems to relieve him.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Your nephew requested you to deliver the snapshots to Mr. Whiffle?

MRS. KEW. No, to Mrs. Whiffle at her home, but the candy store was nearer, so I took them to Mr. Whiffle instead, and the sight of them knocked him silly.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Do you think the husband

was not previously aware that his wife had had herself photographed in the company of another man?

MRS. KEW. You can judge for yourself. He was putting some fresh chocolates on a tray, and the instant he set eyes on those snaps he dropped the whole mess on the dirty floor.

WHIFFLE. Yah, I had to eat them mineself to save them.

MRS. KEW. Of course, his spilling the candies was what made me realize I'd spilled the beans by taking him the pictures.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Addressing the JUDGE*) Your Honor, Mrs. Kew's nephew could not be here today, but I have his deposition that he took the snapshots in question and can identify the originals.

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING*) What's he talking about?

MISS DEERING. (*Screaming*) Herbert!

MRS. KEW. (*Turns to Jury*) Herbert is a first-class plumber, if I do say it myself. The way that boy can stop a leak—and so modest about it, too. I don't believe in advertising your own relatives, as a rule, but if any of you ladies and gentlemen have pipes and valves out of order——

JUDGE. (*Pounds with gavel*) Order! Order!

MRS. KEW. (*To JUDGE*) "Order" is what I said. Didn't you hear me?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Now, Mrs. Kew, will you kindly tell us how your nephew came to take those snapshots?

MRS. KEW. Why, he was moseying around that new hangar, and Mrs. Whiffle came up and asked to be taken. (*JARVIS snores lustily*) Thunder again, and I forgot to bring my umbrella!

MISS LAMAR. (*Springs up excitedly*) At last! The missing crescendo! Now I can complete my opus and give it to posterity. (*JARVIS snores again.*)

CLERK. Wake that juror, someone—and keep him awake.

MISS LAMAR. But thank him for me for having slumbered so artistically while it lasted.

MCCALL. (*Shakes JARVIS awake*) Thank you for the lady, and d-d-d-darn you for the rest of us.

JUDGE. (*Sneezes*) Achew! If the gentleman snores again, I shall be obliged to impanel a new Jury.

JARVIS. (*Thickly, but with feeling*) If his Honor sneezes again, I'll be obliged to impanel a new Judge. Hic! (*Hiccoughs.*)

JUDGE. Is it possible the juror has been drinking?

JARVIS. (*Indignant*) No, sir. I'm a pro-hobotist. (*Hiccoughs again.*)

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING*) What do you think you draw a salary for? Everybody gabbing about something, and me sitting here missing it.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Pardon the delay and proceed with your story. You, personally, saw your nephew take the pictures, did you not?

MRS. KEW. Of course I did. I was sitting in my little runabout right alongside of the hangar, waiting to take Herb back to lunch with me, because I wanted some free plumbing done. Yes, I was looking on when Mrs. Whiffle climbed into the airplane beside Mr. Crowson and signalled Herb to snap them. Of course, she didn't know that later he sneaked back and snapped them some more, unseen.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. And how long did the snapping continue?

MRS. KEW. Herb said all that stopped him was his films giving out, because their goings on were better than the movies at their worst.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Irrelevantly*) Oh, does he enjoy the movies? So do I.

WHIFFLE. (*Clutching at his hair*) Himmel!

MR. MEEKER. (*To MR. HAMMERSLEY*) I will

take the witness, if you please? (MR. HAMMERSLEY *bows and retires.*) Mrs. Kew, are you willing to swear that the snapshots your nephew claims he took of the accused are bona fide?

MRS. KEW. No, I don't feed Fido bones. He chokes on them.

WHIFFLE. Dot vass not dog pictures but snapshots off dot puppy—(*Points to CROWSON*) —und my wife.

MRS. WHIFFLE. But a puppy's a dog after all, isn't he, Herman?

WHIFFLE. Don't Herman me, or I ask twice damages instead of vonce. (*Mops his brow with a large handkerchief.*)

JUDGE. (*Impatiently*) Let the cross examination go on, Mr. Meeker.

MR. MEEKER. Mrs. Kew, did you say your nephew is a plumber?

MRS. KEW. Yes, indeed. I'll bet Herb knows more about plumbing in one minute than you do about the law in a year.

MR. MEEKER. Or than he himself knows about photography, perhaps. Before taking the snapshots in question, did he examine the camera?

MRS. KEW. "Cannon the camera?" My land, you shoot *with* a camera, not *at* it.

MR. MEEKER. (*Sternly*) Dare you assert that the plumbing of his camera was not out of order, distorting the likenesses of the defendants, and their relation one to the other?

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING*) What's he asking?

MISS DEERING. (*Loudly*) If the relation of the plumbing—no, the distortion of the defendants—no, no, the likeness of the camera— (*To MR. MEEKER*) Would you mind repeating that question?

MRS. KEW. (*Suddenly at the end of her rope*) I don't want to hear it. I've got that kink in my leg again, and what I had to say, I've said.

MR. MEEKER. The witness is excused.

MRS. KEW. (*As MISS DEERING leads her to seat*) Not so fast. My leg still feels kinky.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mrs. Whiffle, will you kindly take the stand?

MRS. WHIFFLE. Certainly, with pleasure. (*There is a buzz of interest from the Jury box as she advances*) Why, Judge, you just seem like my next door neighbor up there. (*Seats herself, rolling her eyes at the JUDGE.*)

WHIFFLE. (*Suddenly rising, addresses his lawyer, his voice audible to all*) Mr. Hammersley, make my vife behave herself und keep her eyes sthill in her head. Look at her now, rolling dem at de sky up, like she vass vitnessing an airplane! She drives me crazy mit madness. (*Sits and buries face in his hands.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Pleasantly*) Hermann, do behave! Judge, may I make a little explanation about my eyes?

JUDGE. (*With unction*) Certainly, Mrs. Whiffle.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Well, you see, a beauty specialist told me it would strengthen the muscles to roll them up like this, and then sideways like this. (*Illustrates to him, flirtatiously.*) So I was practicing.

JUDGE. You have very beautiful eyes, Mrs. Whiffle, whether in repose or in action.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Oh, do you think so?

JUDGE. Yes, indeed. I can truthfully say— (*Sneezes*) Achoo! Achoo! Achoo! I must withdraw to use my nasal spray, and therefore I declare a short recess from Court proceedings in my—achoo! (*Hastily withdraws to room at R.C. There is a subdued buzz of conversation in the Jury box,*



28 HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

as MRS. WHIFFLE *picks up the JUDGE'S gavel, looks at it admiringly, and lays it down.*)

MRS. PRENTICE. (*To MRS. FAULKNER*) What a lovely chin Mrs. Whiffle has!

MRS. FAULKNER. Yes. Too bad her nose rather spoils it. (*Leans in front of MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY.*)

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. There you go again, bumping me face wid your head.

MRS. FAULKNER. I wasn't within a mile of you. You have convinced me of one thing this afternoon, Madam, and that is that a jury should contain only ladies of position.

(MRS. WHIFFLE *puts in her time by using lipstick to advantage.*)

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. I *am* a lady of position. I'm cook at the Sailor's Rest boarding house.

MRS. FAULKNER. Then you belong over a cook-stove, along with the other vegetables.

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. And you belong *under* a cook-stove, along wid the other cock-roaches. Put that in your hat and smoke it!

MRS. FAULKNER. Outrageous!

MOONEY. Hey, gals, git out in the arena, and we'll rope off a space for the fight.

MCCALL. I'll be the ump-ump-ump-um——

JARVIS. (*Drowsily*) Umpty dumpty, let it go at that, Mr. Umpire.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Addressing Jury*) You poor dears, it must be awfully tiresome for you, all cramped up in the Jury box.

MRS. QUICKLY. I don't mind so much, since the Judge took his hay fever outside. But I was afraid he'd keep on sneezing, and I'd carry home germs to my baby.

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING*) Did she say her baby had worms?

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*To JURYWOMEN*) If we girls had brought our fancy work, it would help some, wouldn't it? I'm making a sort of patchwork——

JURYWOMEN. (*In chorus*) "Are you?" "What kind?" "Tell us about it!" (*They lean forward eagerly.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. It's what they call a "throw" made out of silk pieces—when you want to take a nap, you know, because sometimes a regular quilt is too warm and makes you catch cold. The throw I'm making is orange, white and blue, called the aviation throw, and it has little baby airplanes all over it.

WHIFFLE. (*Springing up*) I object! I *vont* permit in my house *dose* aviation babies.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Sweetly*) You're interrupting me, Herman. Besides, I'm living over at Aunt Nellie's now. (*To JURYWOMEN*) The propellor is the hardest part to make look natural. (*HERMAN subsides.*)

MISS LAMAR. (*Rising*) Fancy work means nothing to a composer. I should like to inquire of anyone who can answer me what I'm to do in case the Jury decides on a jazz verdict when I am moved to make it a symphonic one? (*JARVIS snores.*) Ah, *adagio andante*! (*Listens with enthusiasm.*)

JARVIS. (*Rouses, resentfully*) *Adagio* your auntie!

MISS LAMAR. (*With enthusiasm*) It's given me another inspiration! (*Sits and closes her eyes.*)

MRS. HORTON. (*To MRS. QUICKLY*) Have you noticed those washing machines they're selling in that new store on Main Street? Marked down to half price, and more than that they give you a coupon——

MRS. QUICKLY. I wouldn't want a coop on mine. We don't keep chickens.

30 HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

MOONEY. If I've got to be shut up long in this henyard, I'll jump the fence for the race track.

McCALL. M-m-m-me too!

CLERK. (*Rises*) Court!

(*EVERYONE stands, and the JUDGE smilingly returns.*)

JUDGE. Let us hasten matters now, to atone for the delay. (*At a gesture from the CLERK, ALL sit.*) Proceed, Mr. Hammersley.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*To HAMMERSLEY*) Just a moment, please. Does your nose feel better, Judge?

JUDGE. Much better, thank you.

MRS. WHIFFLE. I'm so glad. I mean it, Judge, I really do.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. If I may be allowed to remark, Mrs. Whiffle——

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Continues unheeding to JUDGE, who leans toward her with a fatuous smile*) Do you know, until I met you I used to think Judges must be awfully heartless, but if you ever have time for calling on acquaintances——

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mrs. Whiffle, may I remind you that we are in a Court of Justice, and not at an afternoon tea?

JUDGE. (*Remembering himself momentarily*) The point is well taken.

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*To HAMMERSLEY*) I'm so glad you mentioned afternoon tea. Judge Atterbury, I'm going to send you one of my little pink invitation cards, for if I could ever say I'd had a handsome, dignified Judge at one of my teas—— (*Rolls eyes heavenward.*)

JUDGE. Thank you. Occasionally, I do find it helpful to unbend from my strictly legal—— (*Comes back to earth again*) We are getting away from the case. Clerk, put the witness under oath.

(*At a sign from the CLERK, MRS. WHIFFLE raises her right hand.*)

CLERK. (*Rapidly and monotonously*) Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, s'elp——

MRS. WHIFFLE. Why, of course! I wouldn't tell a lie for anything. (CLERK *sits.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. I wonder, Mrs. Whiffle, if you understand the exact nature of the word "alienated"?

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Brightly*) Well, Herman was an alien up to last year, but he's an American citizen now, if that's what you mean.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. No evasion, Mrs. Whiffle. You'd better face the issue squarely—as squarely as you and Mr. Crowson did the camera that revealed your hitherto secret infatuation, one for the other.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Dear me, Mr. Hammersley, Jack and I are just good friends, that's all.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Scornfully*) Just good friends, you say? Then how about the story told by these snapshots?

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*A trifle dismayed*) Oh, you never brought those into Court?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*Produces a bunch of snapshots, and holds one up*) Exhibit A, ladies and gentlemen of the Jury, the parties in said exhibit having been snapped with their eyes straight ahead. (*Showing one snapshot after another*) Exhibit B. The parties photographed with their eyes upon each other. Exhibit C. The parties photographed with their arms around each other. Exhibit D. (*Looks and finds it missing*) Now where——

JURY. (*With unanimous interest*) You dropped it on the floor!

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Thanks. (*Picks up snapshot*)

Exhibit D., with their lips meeting in an ardent kiss, and E and F the same.

MISS LAMAR. (*Enraptured, rises*) A romance in D flat!

HERMAN. (*Rises*) No, not in de flat, in de airplane und dot reskel smacking kisses mit my vife!

MOONEY. (*Rises*) Don't the Jury get a look at those entries?

MCCALL. (*Eagerly, also rising*) Especially exhibit f-f-f-f-four?

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Certainly. I brought them into the Court Room as the final argument to substantiate my client's claims for damages—especially Exhibit D. (*With snapshots in hand, starts toward the Jury box.*)

MR. MEEKER. I object to the pictures being shown, your Honor.

JUDGE. (*Coldly*) I see no grounds for an objection.

MRS. WHIFFLE. I object also, your Honor.

JUDGE. Objection sustained. (*HAMMERSLEY turns back, and JURY groans with disappointment.*)

HAMMERSLEY. Mrs. Whiffle, since I am not permitted to display those incriminating snapshots, will you at least explain the motive for the ardent kiss or kisses you bestowed upon the defendant?

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Eagerly*) Thank you, Mr. Hammersley, I've just been wanting a chance to explain. You see, I was just crazy to have a picture taken in my aviation suit to show my friends, so Jack said I might have one done with him one day, when he was going to make a flight. I'd be scared to death to go up in a plane, but nevertheless I wanted to look exactly like a real aviatrix.

WHIFFLE. Dot vass de tricks dot made de troubles.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Well, as soon as we'd been snapped, I was so grateful to Jack that I kissed him.



And he kissed me in return, because it wouldn't have been courteous if he hadn't, and of course it would have been discourteous for me not to return his courtesy, so I kissed him again, and then he kissed me again because he thought it wouldn't be courteous not to return my courteous acknowledgement of his courtesy, and after that we sort of got the habit of being courteous. (*Smiles appealingly.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mrs. Whiffle, in the face of this overwhelming evidence, which you yourself have given, are you still asking the Jury to believe that the defendant's attitude toward you were merely brotherly, so to speak?

MRS. WHIFFLE. I never had any brother, so I can't give a sisterly answer.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Let us be frank with each other, Mrs. Whiffle. When did the defendant's efforts to distract your mind from your husband and alienate your affections first begin?

MRS. WHIFFLE. Now, why should he try to alienate my affections, when he's already in love with someone else?

WHIFFLE. (*Explosively*) Mit someone else? (*Dismisses the idea with both hands*) Go tell dat to de machines!

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mrs. Whiffle, look! Exhibit D. (*Holds picture before her face.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Obeying*) I never ordered this one, but it's good. Especially of you, Jack.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. The caress of the defendant, as photographed, could be described as loverlike, could it not?

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Sweetly*) Let's call it cousinly.

MR. HAMMERSLEY. (*With a scornful smile*) Ah, so you have decided to adopt the young man as a cousin?

MRS. WHIFFLE. Well, that's perfectly all right, isn't it, seeing he's engaged to my cousin Edith, and

34 HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS

they're to be married in a couple of weeks? Oh, yes, they are, Herman, and I tried my best to tell you, but you were too busy shooing me off the doorstep to listen. (*Looks him square in the face.*)

WHIFFLE. (*Almost dazed by the intelligence*) Edith vass engage—— I have a stoppage in de brain! (*Slaps his forehead confusedly.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. Mr. Whiffle, can't you see that this is but a clever subterfuge on the lady's part. Cousinly kiss, indeed!

MRS. WHIFFLE. But it was a cousinly kiss, I tell you. (*To JUDGE*) The nicest kind of cousinly, Judge Atterbury, if you get what I mean.

JUDGE. The Court is open to conviction. Couldn't you illustrate, Mrs. Whiffle, just what you mean by a cousinly kiss?

MRS. WHIFFLE. How sweet of you, Judge! I'd love to. (*Starts toward JUDGE's bench.*)

WHIFFLE. (*Springs to his feet*) I oppose de motion. Sthop vere you sthand, Mrs. Viffle.

MRS. WHIPPLE. (*Halts*) But Herman——

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*Addressing the world at large*) If you're asking *me* who alienated the lady's affections, I'll say it's the Judge.

MRS. FAULKNER. For once I agree with you. (*They shake hands.*) The Judge it is.

WHIFFLE. (*Continuing, to MRS. WHIFFLE*) No kissings, or I sue dot Judge, dot Jury, and de United Sthates for damages. Come here mit me. (*Advances and takes her by the arm, holding her close to his side.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. I always liked that necktie, Herman. I'm glad you wore it into court.

WHIFFLE. Daisy, I'm more tickled to haf you home again dan money in de benk, if you vill come.

MRS. WHIFFLE. Herman, I'm hungry. I feel like a lollypop. Let's fly to the candy store.

HERMAN. No, ve don't fly. Ve valk in de trolley

car, and no kissings mit dot driver. Follow your lord and mester. (*Starts toward Left.*)

(*WARN Curtain.*)

MRS. WHIFFLE. (*Holding his coattail*) With pleasure. (*As they go, she speaks back over her shoulder*) Goodbye, Jack. Love to Cousin Edith. I'll have you to tea, Judge. Do you like English Breakfast, Golden Pekoe or Oolong?

JUDGEY. (*Sentimentally*) Peek-o and Coo-long, Mrs. Whiffle.

MRS. WHIFFLE. I'll remember! (*WHIFFLE gives her a sharp pull, and she disappears with him, door Left.*)

MR. HAMMERSLEY. But your Honor, I protest—

JUDGE. The case is quashed for lack of evidence. The Jury is dismissed. The Court retires to its—  
achoo! (*He exits hastily, up Right.*)

MR. MEEKER. (*Springs to shake hands with the smiling CROWSON*) Congratulations. (*The OTHERS in the courtroom speak almost in unison as they prepare to depart.*) I won your case.

MRS. KEW. (*To MISS DEERING*) Who's guilty?

MISS DEERING. I can't make out.

MRS. FAULKNER. Of all the surprising—

MRS. HORTON. You don't mean it's over?

MRS. QUICKLY. I wonder how my baby—

MISS LAMAR. How allegretto!

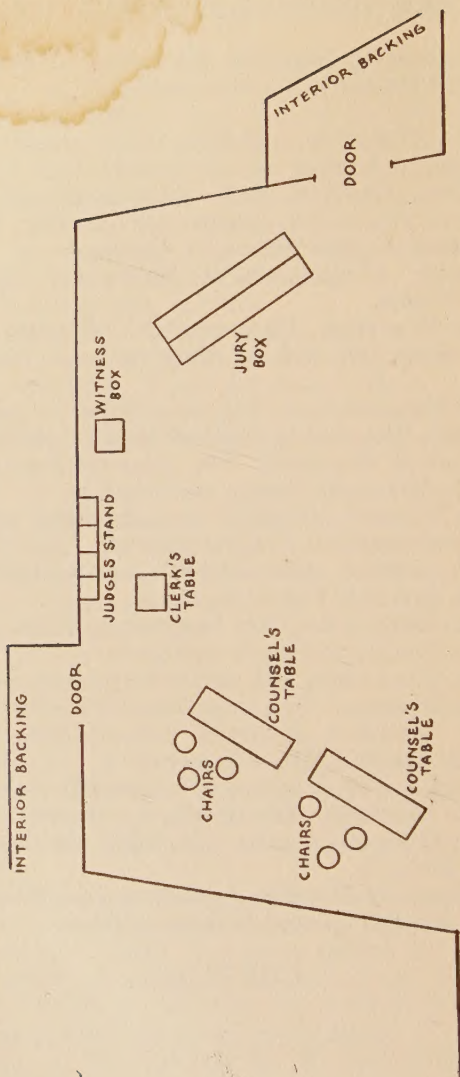
MOONEY. Say, if a race fell down like this trial—

MRS. PRENTICE. My dee-ah, I ask you—

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY. Me, takin' me time from me cookin'—

MCCALL. If I'm ever on another j-j-j-j—another j-j-j-j—another j-u-u-j-j—jury—I'll—

CURTAIN



SCENE DESIGN  
"HER ALIENATED AFFECTIONS"



## THE CHARM SCHOOL

Comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. Produced originally at the Bijou Theatre in New York. 6 males, 10 females. (May be played by 5 males and 3 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman scarcely out of his 'teens who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girl of today should be CHARM.

The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The freshness of youth, the charm of originality, and the wholesome pleasant entertainment embodied in this play make it one of the most popular on our list. We strongly recommend it for high school production.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

## CLARENCE

A comedy in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 5 males, 5 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

Clarence has no medals, no shoulder bars, no great accomplishment. One of the "five million," he served where he was sent—though it was no further than Texas. As an entomologist he found—on this side of the ocean—no field for his specialty in the great war. So they set him to driving mules.

Now, reduced to civil life and seeking a job, he finds a position in the home of one Wheeler, a wealthy Englewood man with a family. And because he'd "been in the army" he becomes guide, philosopher and friend to the members of the same agitated and distracted family group. Clarence's position is an anomalous one. He mends the bathroom plumbing, he tunes the piano, he types—off stage—he plays the saxophone. And around him revolves such a group of characters as only Booth Tarkington could offer. It is a real American comedy; and the audience ripples with appreciative and delighted laughter.

"It is as American as 'Huckleberry Finn' or pumpkin pie." N. Y. Times.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.



# FRENCH'S Standard Library Edition

Includes Plays by

Phillip Barry  
Sidney Howard  
George Kaufman  
Harley Granville-Barker  
The Capeks  
Phil Dunning  
George Abbott  
Dorothy Parker  
Ferenc Molnar  
Hatcher Hughes  
Avery Hopwood  
Ring Lardner  
Tom Cushing  
Elmer Rice  
Maxwell Anderson  
The Quinteros  
Lynn Riggs  
Susan Glaspell  
Rose Franken  
John van Druten  
Benn W. Levy  
Martha Stanley  
John Golden  
Don Marquis  
Beulah Marie Dix  
Zona Gale  
Alfred Kreymborg  
P. G. Wodehouse  
Noel Coward  
Ian Hay  
J. B. Priestly  
Mary Roberts Rinehart  
Ashley Dukes  
George M. Cohan  
Augustus Thomas  
Winchell Smith  
William Gillette  
Frank Craven  
Owen Davis  
Austin Strong  
A. A. Milne  
Harriet Ford  
Paul Green  
James Montgomery  
Edward Childs Carpenter  
Arthur Richman  
George Middleton  
Channing Pollock  
George Kaufman  
Martin Flavin  
Victor Mapes  
Kate Douglas Wiggin  
Rol Cooper Megrue  
Jean Webster  
George Broadhurst  
Madeline Lucette Dyle

Fred Ballard  
Percy MacKaye  
Willard Mack  
Jerome K. Jerome  
Mark Swan  
Rachel Crothers  
W. W. Jacobs  
Ernest Denny  
Kenyon Nicholson  
Edgar Selwyn  
Laurence Housman  
Israel Zangwill  
Walter Hackett  
A. E. Thomas  
Edna Ferber  
Justin Huntley McCarthy  
Frederick Lonsdale  
Rex Beach  
Paul Armstrong  
George Kelly  
Booth Tarkington  
George Ade  
J. C. and Elliott Nugent  
Barry Connors  
Edith Ellis  
Harold Brighthouse  
Harvey J. O'Higgins  
Clare Kummer  
James Forbes  
William C. DeMille  
Louis N. Parker  
Lewis Beach  
Guy Bolton  
Edward E. Rose  
Marc Connelly  
Lynn Starling  
Josephine Preston Peabody  
Catherine Chisholm Cushing  
Clyde Fitch  
Earl Derr Biggers  
Thomas Broadhurst  
Charles Klein  
Bayard Veiller  
C. Haddon Chambers  
Richard Harding Davis  
Robert Housum  
Salisbury Field  
Leo Dietrichstein  
Eden Phillpotts  
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle  
Brandon Tynan  
Clayton Hamilton  
Edward Sheldon  
Edward Paulton  
Adelaide Matthews  
William Cary Duncan

Send for our latest complete Catalogue

## SAMUEL FRENCH

Oldest Play Publisher in the World

25 West 45th Street,  
New York, N. Y.

811 West 7th Street,  
Los Angeles, Calif.



W8-CBU-172